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"VOX COLLEGII," WHITBY, ONT.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

N. HENDERSON.

Autumn, the greatest of artists, sat enthroned in the depths of an ancient forest. At her feet lay the many colored palette, her hand held loosely the paint brush. She gazed with up-turned face at the crimson mask of foliage overhead, a happy smile played around her beautiful lips, and those dark eyes sparkled with love and joy. Summer, the fair queen of blooming flowers and azure skies, had placed in her hands the sceptre of power to rule the earth for the allotted time. Her reign was almost over, her great life work nearly done.

On the tops of the sloping mountains, in the depths of the dark ravines, on the banks of the majestic rivers and limpid lakes glowed, like burning flame, the brilliant autumn leaves. The year was in its decline, but as the setting sun sends forth its most glorious rays, gilding the old world anew, so did this dying artist shower on the earth her brightest hues, her loveliest pictures. The trees tossed to and fro and seemed to sing aloud in very triumph.

Among all the children of the forest, none could rival the maple tree.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

October 29th. -- November 2nd. A number of girls attended the Y.W.C.A. convention in Toronto.

October 30th.—Masquerade.

October 31st.—Hallowe'en, — Shooting of cannon; (This latter part we consider worthy of special notice).

November 5th.—Mr. McPherson, of C. C. M. here. Owen Smiley and Harold Jarvis concert.

November 6th.—C. G. G. Bazaar.

November 8th — 15th. Week of Prayer.

November 9th.—King's Birthday.

November 11th. — The Adra-Luton concert.

November 12th.—Rev. Mark Guy Pearse here.

November 14th.—Miss Copeland "At Home" to C. G. G.

November 20th. — Terminal dinner.

November 25th. — Miss Smart's recital.

November 26th. -- Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving Day; Dianer of American girls.

Her leaves glowed the brightest. They hung like so many crimson banners from the branches, the lap of Mother Nature was strewn with the glory of fallen foliage, exquisite in its marvellous coloring. The mighty oak, the weeping willow, the spreading chestnut, the graceful poplar,

could not be compared to this fair child of the forest. It seemed as if the Great Painter loved and cherished her more than all the others.

It was very still in that great forest. The sun was sinking to rest in a sea of burnished gold. The whole sky was filled with its departing radiance. To the west lay a pile of feathery clouds, touched with crimson, lavender and deep pink. An evening calm settled on the earth, the birds ceased to carol their vespers, the breeze, full with the breath of the dying year, no longer stirred the crimson clad trees. Far away in the distance rippled and gurgled a silvery stream. The brush fell from the Painter's fingers. She rose slowly and gazed wistfully at the glorious west. The golden gleam fell on her floating hair and it glowed like purest gold. The sun sank behind the brilliant mass of clouds, filling the old world with a rosy light. Suddenly a song, sad and sweet, burst from the lips of the autumn queen, and this is what she sang,—

"The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am growing old,
And life is fast shrinking."

The stream echoed and re-echoed through the long, silent aisles of the forest. A cold breath crept through the air, colder and colder it grew, the trees sundered and moaned, the skies grew darker and darker. A death-like chill pervaded the woods. With a cry of mortal agony Queen Autumn fell like a broken lily to the ground. Down came the leaves, brown and shrunken as if stricken with the plague. Cold winter had sent his warning.

At the very border of the forest appeared a tall figure in white, gleaming like a silver star. With slow, majestic tread it approached till the face and form of the dread King of snow and ice appeared upon the scene. He approached the fallen Queen and laid an icy hand on her head. With a low cry, she rose and faced the death-like presence. Her

deep, dark eyes never faltered as they looked into the fiery orbs of the Winter God. Then with graceful steps she left her kingdom and her throne, and with clasped hands and bowed head, departed from the now dreary domains of her successor.

Winter watched her go with a grim smile on his face. Then lifting his sceptre, he cried, "Children of the Earth, Children of the Shy, Children of the Forest, behold your King!"

behold your King!" The rivulets ceased to murmur, the sun to shine, and down came the white messengers of the leaden skies. The wild wind rushed through the naked aisles of the forest, bare trees swayed to and fro, "making moan, making moan."

"The valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild, white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air."

REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

On the twelfth of November the college had a very great treat, when Mark Guy Pearse came and talked to us. There is a fascination about some people which can neither be resisted nor explained, and this fascination he possesses to a remarkable degree. What we saw was a man, with snow white hair, whose face wore a look of eternal kindness, and we listened to the story, simply but forcibly told, of a life work among the poorest of the poor. All of us had understood, in a hazy sort of a way, that there were people in the world less happy and comfortable than ourselves, but we now realized the

true condition of affairs.

Mark Guy Pearse took us with him to the slums of London, and showed us the terrible struggle carried on against poverty, vice, and misery of all kinds; while in contrast to this sad picture we saw, like a patch of sunshine in a cellar, the wonderful good that he and his little band of sisters are doing there. To these unfortunates he is a tower of strength. He shows them that, even for them there is hope, and love, and forgiveness.

Surely there are greater heroes than those who go to war. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

MASQUERADE.

Most people feel that something should be done on Hallowe'en—why, no one knows, or apparently cares. The dress up frolic that is always held at the O.L.C. to celebrate the thirty-first of October took place on Friday the thirtieth, this year, instead of Saturday night. The concert hall was decorated for the occasion, and four booths arranged, representing the four seasons, at which refreshments were sold. In an obscure corner, behind a screen, sat a gypsy fortune teller, who revealed the deepest secrets. Out of respect for the feelings of the girls, the number seeking her advice will not be mentioned.

At seven thirty the festivities commenced; and then one might see

strange and beautiful forms flitting through the halls, while peals of laughter greeted each new arrival. At last every one reached the concert hall in safety, and this was indeed a difficult feat for some. After a few minutes, during which the girls admired one another (through masks), the march, which was to "open the ball," began. It was a pretty, and animated scene. All kinds and conditions of people were there. "Mrs. Wiggs," well satisfied with herself, and all the world, vainly endeavored to control her unruly "children." A poor old "organ man" solicited alms; a "June bride," with "Sis Hopkins" as train bearer, vainly attempted to promenade, but the train-bearer seem-

ed unequal to the ordeal. "Night," and "Folly" went arm in arm. A "Solemn Nun" did her best to frown on the vanities of the world. A modern "Romeo and Juliet," sufficient unto themselves, passed on regardless of everyone. Following in picturesque confusion were "Queens of Hearts," "Red Riding Hood," "Two Little Girls in Blue," "Greek Maidens," "Fencing Girls," "Dolly Vardens," and "Colonial Dames," etc. Four little "School Girls" in all the glory of high heels, bows, club-pins, and fraternity badges, attracted much attention—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."—

In the meantime the guests from town were being entertained by two ladies in charming old-fashioned dresses. After the march came the unmasking, which was the signal for such remarks as:—"Oh, is that you!"

"How funny you do look!?" "Why, where did you get it?" Just at this time the booths became very popular, especially the one where the ice cream was sold. A short program added to the interest of the evening, those taking part being Miss Michaelis, Miss Telfer, Miss Moysey and Miss Simonds.

Then followed the awarding of the prizes—

1st, Miss Desiree Campazzi, "A Colonial Dame," for the prettiest costume.

Honorable mention, Miss Nora Hamilton, "Night."

"Mrs. Wiggs," (represented by Miss Edna Milligan), carried off the first prize for the funniest costume, while Miss Helen Vermilyea, "The Modern Romeo," received honorable mention.

All good things must come to an end. "God Save the King," and "Auld Lang Syne" were sung, good-nights said, and "Vanity Fair" went upstairs to bed.

C. G. G.

We, the members of the C. G. G., wish to thank the teachers and students, for the kind and willing assistance they have given us in all our undertakings, and especially in our last Bazaar. Its unqualified success was, perhaps, largely due to their kindness and patronage.

The work for this year has been carefully planned, and is now well

under way. We find all the members busy at the work assigned them. With the promising start we have made, there seems to be no reason why our guild should not result in much good in every way.

Our officers are,—Miss Silcox, Honorary President; Miss Campazzi, President; Miss Evelyn Simonds, Secretary-Treasurer.

Desiree Campazzi.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the directors and shareholders of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, took place a few days ago in the college board room, and was well attended.

In the absence of the honorary president, the Honorable George A. Cox, and the president, the Hon. Charles Drury, R. C. Hamilton, vice-president, was called to the chair. Reports were presented from the Executive Committee, the Faculty Com-

mittee and from the Rev. Dr. Hare, principal, that were exceedingly gratifying, and showed the college to be in a very healthy state of growth and development. The financial statement showed that the college had met all expenses and had a handsome surplus to be devoted to further improvements.

The charter of incorporation provides for twenty-one directors, seven of whom are to be elected by the

Methodist General Conference, and fourteen by the shareholders. The names of the former are the Rev. Doctors Dewart, Potts, Henderson, German, Tovell, Hare, and the Rev. E. A. Chown, B.D.

Many references were made at the annual meeting to the lamented death of the late Dr. Dewart, one of the truest and ablest friends the college has had, and resolutions of sympathy were passed with Mrs. Dewart and family. The Rev. J. P. Rose, D.D., of Hamilton, was elected to take Dr. Dewart's place.

The following fourteen directors were unanimously chosen by the shareholders, — Hon. George A. Cox, Hon. Chas. Drury, R. C. Hamilton, L. T. Barclay, William Ross, M.P., Inspector James L. Hughes, Judge Smith and Messrs. John Rice, R. J.

Score, J. S. Barnard, George Ross, H. Wilcox, J. L. Smith and Dr. Adams. Inspector Hughes and Dr. Tovell were added to the Faculty Committee. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, — Honorary president, Hon. George A. Cox; honorary vice-president, Rev. Dr. Potts; president, Hon. Chas. Drury; vice-president, R. C. Hamilton; second vice-president, L. T. Barclay; secretary treasurer, John Rice.

The college has entered upon another successful year as shown by the present large enrolment of over one hundred and twenty resident students besides about thirty day students. Among the notable features of this session may be mentioned the lecture in the College Concert Hall on Thursday, Nov. 12, by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, of London, Eng.

CONVENTION CLIPPINGS.

Fifteen of our girls attended the national Y.W.C.A. convention which was held in Toronto from Oct. 29th to Nov. 1st. That it was a help and inspiration to them all is evidenced by the zeal with which they entered into our Association work on their return. Our reporting delegates were Miss McAmmond and Miss Silcox, and these two, with Miss Edwards and Miss McLean, represented us, as voting delegates. It was our intention at first to publish the reports, but as space will not permit, we will merely give some of the best thoughts obtained from the different speakers.

First of all, though, we must mention how honored we, as reporting delegates, felt, to be the bearers of Mrs. Margaret Sangster's message to our O.L.C. girls. It was, "Tell your girls that I am sorry I cannot come and see them myself, but tell each of them that I send her my best love." When Mrs. Sangster made her first appearance to the convention, she was introduced to us as "Every girl's friend," and we feel the title is well given. The motto she gave us all was John II. 5.—"Whatsoever He

saith unto you, do it."

The following remarks are from the opening address given by Mrs. T. M. Harris, our most-loved Dominion President:—

"He best looks forward, who first looks backward."

"There are now in Canada 800,000 self-supporting girls, 8 per cent. of the present population."

When asked if she did not find the Y.W.C.A. work a burden, she had replied, "A burden? Yes, it is a burden, as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship."

She made use of the following quotations:—

"I am not as much of a reformer as I used to be; I believe now in being more of a "former." — Horace Greeley.

"Get the brick ready for the wall, and some day the niche will be ready for the brick." — Emerson.

"Give me the young women of France, and in a few years I will have France itself again." — Napoleon.

Mrs. Plumptre in her "Reasons for Bible Study," told us:—

"Do not say, 'I am so busy, and have

no time for Bible study,' but say, rather, 'I am so busy, I must have Bible study.'

" You should develop your nature on all sides; don't develop physically and mentally, and remain stunted spiritually."

" Don't despair, because when you despair, you help someone else despair."

" Wherever your body goes, there your shadow goes also; where your character is, there will your influence be."

Miss Cartwright, of St. Hilda's, in speaking of Bible and Mission Study, said:—

" Students should make a study of the Bible and of Missions, so that when God calls them to a life of service, they may not be deaf through ignorance."

" We do not choose our vocation, but we do choose our career."

John R. Mott's whole address on "The World's Student Christian Federation," was most inspiring. We can give only a few of his remarks:—

" The College Societies are showing that a high Christian life is not inconsistent with scholastic attainments, social life, or athletic life, but is, rather, an aid to them all."

" There is no more important asset to the wealth of the world than these societies which develop right characters in the young people, who will be the future leaders of nations. What makes a nation great? Not its geographical extent, its wealth, or its population, but the character of its people."

These societies are teaching the

students that the object of education is not for their own benefit, but for public service".

" God has a plan for each of us, whether here or far hence. Is He to be disappointed? Are we to measure up to our own possibilities? — Miss McDonald.

" It is not possible for an educated mind to be anything but influential. * * * There is no ground on earth worth considering that will stand between us and God." — Mrs. Holman.

" Self-love is the thing which spoils our usefulness in all our work." — Mrs. Jean Blewett.

" Some people in repeating the Creed in church say most fervently that they believe in the "Communion of Saints," but when it comes to real life they seem to prefer to choose just the particular saints with whom they wish to commune." — Miss Wilson.

A most interesting and helpful address was the one given us by Mrs. Plumptre in the Y. W. C. A. as a 'Light, Heat, and Power Company.' It is scarcely necessary to give her line of thought, for the topic is sufficiently suggestive.

Hear and heed the following suggestions of Mrs. T. S. Gladdings, in how to receive good from the Y.W.C.A. meetings.

"Don't take a back seat."

"Take part in the singing."

"Pray before coming to the meeting."

"Above all, enter reverently."

The next convention is expected to be held in Montreal, probably in 1905.



INSIDE THE WALLS.

A Sketch of the Daily Life at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER.

Whitby. — the very name recalls pleasant memories of a quiet town, enthroned like the eternal Mother of Cities upon her several hills, and guarded on every side by fruitful slopes. Near enough to Toronto to enjoy many of the educational advantages of that progressive city, and yet escape the annoyances of its busy, hurrying life, this peaceful town impresses one as being delightfully and wholesomely rural. And all the glory and pride and life of Whitby is wrapped about its justly celebrated college for young ladies. Situated a mile and a half from the shores of Lake Ontario, on one of the most commanding eminences of the town, discernible for miles around the countryside, this building is the most striking object that meets the visitor's eye. By day, its many-windowed walls, its towers and turrets, catch

the sunlight at a thousand points; while at night the broad circle of twinkling lights makes one imagine that once more "fair Ariadne's crown out of the sky hath fallen down."

When Squire Reynolds came to Canada in the early fifties he exhibited rare good taste in selecting this exact site for his own palatial residence. The building was completed in 1859, and, from its resemblance to a certain ancient Elizabethan structure in the Old Land, was named Trafalgar Castle. Its elegant carvings, lofty ceilings, extensive drawing-rooms, halls, and stairways, its gorgeous stained windows proudly emblazoned with the coat of arms of Reynolds, still serve as a reminder of the long-departed master of Trafalgar Castle.

In accordance with ancient notions of architecture, the castle has a se-

cret chamber, a sunless, cheerless little dungeon, where man may scarcely stand without stooping, so cleverly inserted between two floors as to be practically undiscoverable; and it has also its secret passage running across the building under the floors of the upper storey. That there was a mysterious underground passage direct to the lake nearly two miles distant, was a long cherished, but finally exploded rumor. Squire Reynolds doubtless thought, like the character described by the Psalmist, that his name should be continued as long as the sun, but alas for the frailty of human hopes! The man who had laid out his fortune for building found that he had little left with which to maintain the princely establishment. It was not long before N. G. Reynolds, Esq., was forced to hide in his own secret chamber from his creditors.

The estate was sold to an enterprising company of gentlemen who had conceived the idea of turning it into a college for the higher education of young women. Wings were added to the main building as soon as the increasing attendance made their erection expedient; first the Ryerson Halls extended from the main building leftward, and of still more recent erection is the beautiful Frances Hall, extending out for many rods to the right.

Since 1874 the institution has been under the able direction of Rev. Dr. Hare, who has seen the work grow to such proportions as to command attention from the entire continent, for it is simply the truth to state that pupils come from California and Vancouver, from Mexico and the Bahamas, passing on their way scores of similar institutions which are using every inducement to increase their own attendance.

The small and the tall, the strong and the delicate, the self-reliant and the timid, they all arrive with many secret misgivings concerning their future life among so many strangers and so far from home. Once inside the door, the problem begins to solve itself. A teacher kindly clasps the stranger's hand and shows each her

own room. The students then do their part, and many and varied are the ways of showing hospitality. They have a rule that the new pupils must stay in their own rooms on the first Friday night after their arrival, when the old students call on them in merry delegations of threes, fours, or fives. The following Friday the new girls visit the old students. It is said that the sociability which reigns during these "calls" is calculated to wear off any last traces of shyness which remain. They have a language of knocks on walls between rooms which is most perplexing to the uninitiated. The simplest of these signify, "I am alone," "Come in," "I have got a treat," etc.

At stated times the principal, or some one in authority, invites the entire class into the concert-hall for "Oysters." The more expectant bring spoons, but it soon becomes apparent that no old girl is so armed. "Oysters" turns out to be little lectures on deportment and what-not-to-do's, which, although wholesome, may be eaten without spoons. Friday night always brings its special features and exemption from studies; sometimes the young ladies take tea with their friends up town, and always the drawing-rooms are thrown open, where the students may learn to receive, entertain, and make their adieux in proper style.

The home-like atmosphere is very apparent everywhere. One might imagine the young ladies all members of one immense family, so prominent is the feeling of genial good-will. Teachers and students are one, sitting down to the same tables, and enjoying the same social life. Each student's room, while provided with light, heat, and the necessary furniture, may be decorated to its occupant's taste, and many of the young ladies contrive to throw a great deal of character into their surroundings.

A typical room will contain a quantity of interesting pictures, snapshots from their own cameras, magazine fronts, and their favorite Gibsons and Learneds. They will also be adorned

with tennis racquets, golf sticks, flags, and heaps of comfortable looking cushions worked in queer designs, a great favorite being the top on which is traced the names of all the students for the year. The best of all is that the mistresses of these charming apartments dispense such a lavish hospitality that no one has cause to complain of that cramped feeling which is apt to result from living in one room. The care of sick or delicate pupils is as motherly as it is skilful. A teacher makes constant rounds through the apartment, advises, and summons medical aid if necessary, while a nurse is constantly employed in the building. But, fortunately, the surroundings are so healthful, and the outdoor exercises so varied, that there are few cases of serious illness among students.

From the fact that there are ninety-eight acres of land in connection with the institution, it is not surprising that outdoor sports are a special feature of college life. Excellent opportunity for tennis, basket-ball, and croquet playing is afforded on the extensive lawn in front of the building, and some one is always kind enough to teach new students who care to learn. Twice a year Whitby Tennis Team contend for the "trophy" with the young ladies of Victoria University. The trophy is now in the possession of the Ontario Ladies' College.

All the naunts in and about the town are familiar to those who are fond of walking; while the lake shore is the scene of many a picnic, students sometimes being allowed to take their lunch along and play gipsy for the day. But of all merry revels Apple Day is said to be the gayest. In the orchard belonging to the college there ripens, when the year is good, a great variety of tempting fruit, to which, in due season, the students are allowed access. Apple Day comes just before the picking of the late winter varieties, and the girls one and all are let loose among the trees with permission to carry off as much booty as they can. One runs hither with a pillow-case, another

thither in search of choicer fruit carries a laundry-bag, in another corner one sees a coat spread upon the grass with its four knotted corners humbly doing duty as a receptacle. What care these aggressive young Amazons so long as they bear off a goodly quantity of their shiny, red-cheeked, unresisting captives?

But winter comes with its frost and cold. The orchard is a wilderness of snow; the lawns are buried in ice. But Whitby College girls laugh at winter, conquer it, and compel it to contribute to, instead of detract from their enjoyments. Naturally the preference is given to amusements that may be carried on inside.

The musically inclined organize a musical club, the art students form an art club, the aim of which is to interest the members in the lives and works of master painters. The literary society has also a large attendance; at their first meeting is chosen the editorial staff of the "Vox," a highly amusing and entertaining little journal published monthly throughout the collegiate year, and expressing very definitely the spirit of college life. At the close of the year, the juniors give a supper to the seniors, at which toasts are given, and the class prophecy and class history and read. The annual drive and visit to the photograph gallery results in the class picture.

Each succeeding class of graduates tries to leave its distinctive mark about the building. One year saw the planting of a flourishing pear-tree, another was marked by the betting out of several slips of Boston ivy.

On the ground floor of Frances Hall are situated two large apartments, namely, the dining-room and concert-hall. The former, which is light and cheery, is capable of containing a great many tables, each of which may seat a dozen persons. Over the head of each table a teacher presides; the young ladies serve different dishes in turn, and thus pick up, in a pleasant way, many useful points of etiquette. The doors between the dining-room and the concert hall may be opened

upon special occasions, forming a very spacious auditorium.

Let it not be inferred from the foregoing paragraphs that life at college is a mere round of sports and amusements. It is the happy combination of work and play that produces the enviable results. All morning long the students are as busy as bees in their various departments, and again in the evening from seven until nine, the vacant halls are emptied of the laughing, chattering groups, for this is the hour when books are opened upon study tables, and when piano notes, above, below, and everywhere, prove the number of aspiring musicians.

The courses of study are very broad in their scope, and the foundation for future culture is laid firm and deep. It is just in this respect that a resident college excels a day-school. Instead of being obliged to cram a brain full of facts in view of an impending examination, these students are acquiring gradually, pleasantly and thoroughly, a training that fits them for any sphere into which womanhood is likely to be called. They are not only told how things ought to be done; they do them. They are not only informed how cultured people should live; they live daily under the most refining influences. They are constantly in touch with the best people. They hear the orators and musicians of the large cities.

Above all they are constantly under a wholesome religious influence. It is superfluous to add that the Bible is taught as broadly as other branches, no attempt being made to interfere with a student's creed or denominational beliefs. Two interesting events mark Sunday; one is the sight of over one hundred young lad-

ies walking by twos from college to church. The other is the receiving by every student of a slice of bread and butter after the regular supper, which is early on Sundays. The sight of a hundred and twenty girls scurrying away to their rooms with their prize is said to never lose its interest.

"All things must die," says Tennyson; and nothing can be more apparent than that mournful truth. College days, sharing the mortality of things earthly, must one by one glide into the misty past. Students must part, and relentless trains and boats, after their flinty manner the world over, must carry long-knitted friends to remote distances. "Nothing will die," exclaims the poet exultantly a moment later, and again, and this time gladly, we admit the force of the truism. Above all, influences cannot die. They follow us like invisible guardians to the end. And here is seen the most widespread result of the work of the Ontario Ladies' College. Can a student from some remote settlement ever go back to her former life without exerting a compelling influence in her community? Can a soul filled with the love of the beautiful live under the inspiration of the great masters, and then relapse into ignorant indifference? Can hundreds of healthy, cultured, thoughtful young women inhabit the borders of our land without raising its whole moral tone? In the near future when our Canadian literature and art shall have come into their own, a finger will point to the hoary pile that crowns the loftiest eminence of Whitby Town, its voice will say, "Canada has no nobler mother of education than this."—Copied from the Methodist Magazine without illustrations.

Editorial.

No doubt many of our readers will look twice at this month's issue of our paper, before they recognize an old friend. We hope all will approve of the new cover, and the other innovations in our paper. If any girl has a suggestion to make for its further improvement, let us hear it, and we will try, if possible, to put it into practice.

Nearly all of us have been reading with interest, the letters which have appeared in our leading dailies, commenting on an English woman's criticism of Canadian girls. That it was biased and unmerited, it is unnecessary to say. Why her feelings should have been so expressed, is a question beyond us. One is tempted to think they were caused by a personal spite or jealousy, and we feel sure that in writing as she did, she was not voicing the sentiments of all the English ladies who have visited Canada. We have not many of our sisters from across the sea, and yet we fail to see that they are so infinitely superior to our Canadian girls. They are hardy-looking girls, but would they not need to be? Have they not laid aside their dainty summer gowns, and laden with their furs and heaviest clothing, have crossed the Atlantic, prepared to brave a season in the ice-bound towns and cities of Canada?

However, there must have been some genuine alarm raised in the heart of this particular English woman, or she would not have written as she did. Still, she is only one, and we cannot judge all English women by what she has so spitefully written. England has some beautiful daughters at home, but she has many just as lovely in her colonies, and so long as we are more than satisfied with our Canadian type,—“What care we for what others may think?”

That Christmas time is drawing very near is quite evident. There is

a restlessness in the air, and a counting of days that shows holidays of some kind to be at hand, while the extraordinary industry of the girls in spare periods, with the abundance of fancy work seen everywhere, indicates which holidays we are expecting. Sofa-cushions, slippers, fancy aprons, burnt work, and kindred articles are occupying the time and minds,—in fact, nearly shaping the conversation of some of the girls. Nothing but Christmas, surely, could so arouse everyone's energy and enthusiasm.

What a happy time Christmas always is! It seems to be essentially the children's day, but no one ever really outgrows the spirit of the occasion, not even when Santa Claus is no longer a mystical personage, but a very “stein reality.” What would we do without Christmas? Fifty weeks of business cares and responsibilities, and of running up against people in the world, is quite enough to make us all ready for this season with its spirit of “Peace and good will to all mankind.” Fifty weeks of friction in different occupations, makes our work go more or less raspingly, and this Christmas spirit seems to be the very oil we need to make all go smoothly again.

Will we be sure to remember amidst all our festivities what Christmas really means, and try to do our share of shedding about us “peace” and “good-will”? If we have that spirit in our hearts, we will try to make the day happier for those less fortunate than ourselves. There are people who will have no Christmas unless we help give it to them. Is not that what He would have us do,—He, whose birthday we are celebrating, whose advent meant so much to each of us? Let us try to brighten the lives of the poor, and in making it a day of joy and gladness to them, our own happiness will be increased tenfold.

A joyous Christmas to each and all, and a happy and successful New Year. Let us be sure to make our

good resolutions on the 1st of January, and be sure to keep some of them; but we will leave that subject for our January number. In the meantime, let us be thankful that we are living in a land where Christmas is celebrated, and be thankful that we can leave our studies for a time to spend the season of rejoicing with our friends and loved ones.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells, from hill to hill,

Answer each other in the mist.

Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn;
Draw forth the cheerful day from
night;
O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was
born."

The college will re-open after the Christmas vacation on the seventh of January.

The conversazione, the great social event of the year, will take place on the nineteenth of February.

Music.

It is the last appeal to man—
Voice crying since the world began;
The cry of the ideal—cry
To aspirations that would die;
The last appeal! in it is heard
The pathos of the final word.
Voice tender and heroic
Imperious voice that knoweth well
To wreck the reasoning of years,
To strengthen rebel hearts with tears.
Edwin Markham.

The choral class under Miss Smart's able management is doing good work. The usual large attendance is kept up.

The work taken up this year is of an entirely different style to that of previous years, for instead of the Cantata in which we have been interested, there are three short glees—Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," Hawler's "Ah! 'tis a Dream," and Vogrick's "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

We are all looking forward with great pleasure to the treat the choral class will give us at the end of the year.

A number of the girls are going to Toronto to attend the Patti Concert (Dec. 3rd).

Owing to Mr. Harrison's increased class in piano, he has been obliged

to stay over all Thursday.

The pupils of Miss Smart and Miss Harrison rendered the following programme, Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th—

Organ—Introduction and Minuet.....	
.....	Boellmann
.....	Miss Daisy Faed.
The Parting Hour	Ellen Wright
.....	Miss Cora Gladney.
Absent	Ellen Wright
.....	Miss E. Breithaupt.
In May-time	Buck
.....	Miss E. Freeman.
Spring	Toste
.....	Miss R. McDiarmid.
Dark Blue Eyes of Spring-time...Ries	
.....	Miss Gallaher.
Rose of My Life	Fabian Rose
.....	Miss E. Wood.
Love's Consolation	Aylward
.....	Miss Ada Chown.
Peace of GodGounod
.....	Miss M. Edwards.
Piano Solo ...The Gondoliers ...Nevin	
.....	Miss Kathleen Lancley.
At Twilight	Nevin
.....	Miss Silcox.
An Open Secret	Woodman
.....	Miss O'Hara.
Go Hold White Roses	Denza
.....	Miss Telfer.
Oh that we two were Maying	

..... Nevin	Miss Seccombe.
Miss K. Lanceley.		
Ave Maria Cherubin	Not Thine to Ask Aylward
Miss Michaelis.		Miss Perley.
Irish Lullaby Needham	Piano Solo, Cantique d' Amour
Miss E. Bryce.	 Liszt
My Redeemer and My Lord	Buck	Miss Winter.

Art.

The work in the studio has been going on apace. The students working in charcoal have been advancing slowly, until now they have started upon life models. The first model was Miss Beynon in her charming costume of Red Riding Hood, which she wore on Hallowe'en evening; it was good color, but hard study. Now, Miss Aldrich is lending herself to the levelling of pencils and brushes, poor Miss Aldrich.

On the evening of the 18th of November Miss McGillivray was "At Home" in the studio, which had been very prettily, and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Miss Beynon and Miss Bredin received with her. The reception was given as a send-off to these young ladies, who, much to the regret of all, had to leave college at the end of the term, and also as a

welcome to the new students, Miss Ryan and Miss Moray. During the evening refreshments were passed, and, at an early hour, the guests departed, with many expressions of pleasure for the merry time spent.

Toward the latter part of the month the girls who are doing decorative work will hold a small exhibit, to give the other girls an opportunity of seeing what is being done in this line.

We are glad to meet Miss Jakes, Miss Mitchell's friend. She is very much interested in art, and was heard to say, "that life without art was not worth the living."

We are glad that Mr. Knowles has so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to resume his Tuesday duties at the college. All hope that a few weeks more will see his complete recovery.

Oratory.

The Noble Nature

It is not growing like the tree
In bulk, doth make Man better
be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bold, and
sere;

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that
night—

It was the plant and flower of
Light.

In small proportions we just beauties see;

And in short measures, life may perfect be.

B. Jonson.

The elocution classes had a pleasant literary evening together a few weeks ago. The programme consisted of readings by Misses Simonds, Henderson, Gibson, and Noxon, and Scene I of Hamlet given by the senior girls. The parts were taken as follows—

Horatio—Miss McAmmond.

Bernardo—Miss Smith.

Marsellus—Miss Harrison.

Francisco—Miss Simonds.

Each one did her part well, and we hope to have many more such evenings.

Miss Moysey recited "The Race" from Black Rock at a tea given by the ladies of the Episcopal church. This is a heavy piece, but Miss Moy-

sey has mastered it, and rendered it exceedingly well. We were particularly glad of her success, as this was her first appearance in town.

The selections given by Misses Simonds and Moysey at the masquerade on Hallowe'en were enjoyed very much.

At an evening given in the drawing rooms last month in honor of Miss Burkholder's little cousins, Miss Smith entertained her audience well by the amusing selection, "The Bashful Little Bachelor."

Miss Harrison has progressed so well in her elocution that she will be able to take a certificate this year.

We are sorry that Miss Gallagher has decided to leave our elocution class and devote her energies to other subjects.

Miss Noxon has joined the senior class, as she is too far advanced for the juniors?

The junior pupils are very ambitious this year. Miss Teskey is unable to give private lessons to all who wish them.

THE ART OF READING WELL.

"If, in our ideas of the fine arts, we include all those embellishments of civilized life which combine, in a high degree, the gratification of a refined taste, with the exercise of an enlightened intellect; then must reading aloud hold a prominent place amongst those arts which impart a charm to a social intercourse, and purify the associations of ordinary life. But it must be good reading, or the enjoyment is exchanged for unspeakable annoyance; not pompous or theatrical reading, but easy, familiar, and judicious reading; such reading as best conveys to the hearers the true meaning of the writer."

"It certainly does appear strange that those who speak every day with

the tone of right reason and the emphasis of truth, should so pervert that beautiful instrument of music, the human voice, as to read aloud with any tone and emphasis but those which are right and true. Yet so it is; and many a youth now sent home from school and college after a costly, and what is called a finished education, is wholly incapable of reading so as not at the same time to disgrace himself and offend his hearers."

"It is sometimes said that nothing can be easier if persons understand what they are reading. But where, then, are the good readers who find it so easy? or where, in other words, are the people of understanding? for certainly many of our readers would be utterly unable to understand themselves, were not the sense of what they utter conveyed to their minds through the medium of sight."

"The art of reading as it is too generally treated, would seem to consist in the mere recognition and utterance of verbal signs of ideas, as they appear to us in their printed form. But it should never be forgotten, that, unless a right utterance is given to these signs, they fail to represent ideas; they are mere words and nothing more."

"When all the necessary requisites for a good reader are taken into account, we wonder not so much that this accomplishment is neglected, as that it does not constitute, with all who look upon education in its true light, an important means of refining and elevating the mind, of cultivating the sympathies and of improving those habits of perception and adaptation which are so valuable to all."

"Reading aloud, and reading well, ought not to be considered as mere amusement. A good book well read is like the conversation of an intelligent friend, and ought to be treated with the same respect. It forms in fact a rallying point, around which different tempers, feelings, and constitutions, can meet without discord; it tends to draw each mind out of its petty cares and perplexities, to meet

with other minds on common ground; where a wider extent of interest, and often a nobler range of thought, have the effect of showing, by contrast, how trivial and unimportant are the things of self, when compared with the great aggregate of human hap-

piness and misery."—Mrs. Ellis.

At the re-opening of the Baptist church, November the seventeenth, Miss McAmmond gave the pretty little selection, "The Wind," most artistically.

Household Science.

Those who have made the closest and most sympathetic study of the present "higher education" of woman, as it is called, admit as its weakest point that much of the learning acquired at college is of no practical value to the woman in her after-life. If she becomes a teacher, or follows some other strictly professional career, then her book-learning becomes a real factor in her life. But statistics have proven that by far the largest majority of college girls marry and become home-makers. These girls find themselves seriously handicapped. They can extract nothing practical from their collegiate training and apply it to the work which they suddenly find has become the work of their lives. Then it is that, to many women, their college education appears as singularly ineffective. But says one president of a large girls' college, "Girls do not come to college to learn how to sweep and cook." "To teach a girl how to sweep and cook would be to lower the standard of the modern college women," argues another. Then by all means let it be lowered,

and may that day soon come!

The truth is that a course which would intelligently teach the rudiments of domestic science might well take the place of some of the less necessary studies at our girls' colleges with mutual advantage to the students and the colleges. If to "sweep and cook" were all that is included in the study of domestic science, this might be questioned. But domestic science in its reality is a little more than that. In fact, it is not easy to classify with it any other study that is so far reaching. It goes to the very root of chemistry. The principles of bacteriology apply with absolute directness to the study of domestic science. It leads direct to natural history and all the laws of Nature. It reaches to and touches the physical man and woman as no other study does.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

"It is essential that the body should be perfect, in order that the brain may have a chance to do its work."

G. Stanley Hall.

V. W. C. A.

Oh, woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer!
For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Is the bitterest grief, too deep for tears,

Of the help that comes too late.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The great national convention has come and gone, leaving behind it many seeds of good influences which we trust will spring up into a bountiful harvest. No one who attended those meetings could fail to find for herself, if she listened with an open heart, some great thought, some new desire to live a life more and

more consecrated to Him, who is our Master. Who could sit and hear those words of truth, which fell from the lips of such speakers as John R. Mott, Mrs. Gladding, Dr. Elmore Harris, Mrs. Plumptre, and dear Mrs. Margaret Sangster, without feeling within them emotions deep and strong, thoughts great and good, desires true and tender? The great army of Right and integrity is still marching on under the glorious banner of Salvation and Liberty. Let us all join the ranks of the true and the brave, and blend our voices in the jubilant song of freedom.

On the 8th and 15th of November we had two very interesting meetings, led by Miss Perley and Miss Wright. Reports of the convention were given by the Misses McAmmond, Silcox, O'Hara and Henderson, Miss McAmmond and Miss Silcox being our reporting delegates. We were all satisfied with our splendid choice, in regard to these ladies. It was so enjoyable to have a synopsis of the convention brought to us, when we all were not able to attend it. The Misses Chown and Lancley sang a duet, and Miss Wood a solo at these meetings.

The meeting on Sunday, the 22nd, was led by Miss Burkholder, who read as the lesson I Samuel, 3. Papers were then given on the subject, "Where art Thou?" under three heads,—In your own eyes? In your associates' eyes? In God's eyes? These were read by Misses Sharp, McAmmond and Chown. As we listened to these papers we were all helped to answer for ourselves those searching questions. Miss Telfer favored us with a vocal selection.

The week of prayer has also come and gone, but there is no one but has felt its uplifting influences and its inspirations toward better things. The great good it has done can be seen and felt all around us. It was a wonderful spiritual awakening, and we trust that this "shower of blessing" may sink deep into every heart, maturing the high resolves made by so many. "We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us."

On Nov. 5th, Mr. Macpherson, the travelling secretary of the Canadian Colleges' Mission, gave us a short, interesting talk on the work in Calcutta. He told us many startling facts, one of which is as follows,—In Calcutta alone there are as many students as there are in all our Colleges and Universities in Canada. There are also 30,000 High School boys.

The work the Y.M.C.A. is doing in that Indian capital is wonderful. There are more men in the Bible Study Class there than in Toronto. The old belief in caste is being thrown down, and man meets man as brother. Such a work cannot fail to have its sure reward.

We would call the attention of the girls to some sample copies of the "Dominion Tie," which have been placed in the reading-room. The "Tie" is the Dominion paper for the Y.W.C.A., and we would like every member of our Association to take it. The subscription price, which is only 25 cents a year, is certainly much less than it is worth. Those wishing to subscribe may give their names (and a quarter) to any officer of our Association.

"Society News."

Society—it's dwess,
Don't you know.
And a source of much distress,
Don't you know.
To determine what to weah

When to go, and likewise where,
And how to part youah hair,
Don't you know.
I.
Old girls! Old girls!

Graduates included,
From your dignified amusements
Freshettes must not be excluded.

II.

There is Lilly Schlee, you know,
Just a recent acquisition,
So smile on her with kindly eyes
From the height of your position.

III.

On Main we have another girl
Who hails from Toronto near,
So welcome her, ye daughters old,
With your characteristic cheer.

IV.

Maidens with the meek brown eyes,
From a cold, far western land;
We offer you our fellowship
With a glad and willing hand.

V.

Miss Bullock and Miss Gibson too,
On exalted Francis Hall,
We are glad when wisdom you did
seek,
You heard old Whitby's call!

VI.

Students new and students old,
Students staunch and true,
Let your voices all ring out
In praise of the blue and the blue.

W. and D.

The girls of the O.L.C. wish to take this opportunity to thank the Whitby people for the kindness and hospitality shown them. The little visits in town are very pleasant breaks in our life here, and we always enjoy the kind entertainment furnished by our thoughtful hostesses.

The ninth of November being the King's birthday, found the dining room prettily decorated with bunting and flags, and the tables looking exceptionally attractive with their gay colors and lighted candles. Instead of singing the usual chant, all joined heartily in the National Anthem.

When at the end of the first term the girls learnt they were to lose several of their number, they decided to give small farewell dinners. The first one was given at Miss Paisley's table for the Misses Martin, Bredin and Watkins, and we feel sure the girls will long remember that pleas-

ant farewell dinner. The girls at Miss McGillivray's table gave one for Miss Maude Beynon. The table looked very pretty, the decorations being carried out in red.

At No. 24 "Cottage" on Saturday evening last, took place the mock marriage of Miss Myrtle Gallagher and Dr. Carscallen, both of Francistown. The Rev. J. Wilson officiated, assisted by Z. Hill.

Mrs. Albert Ogden gave a delightful "coming out" tea for her daughter, Miss Bertha, who looked very charming in a beautiful white gown. Three of the O.L.C. girls who assisted in the tea room were Miss Annie Ogden, Miss Madge McKendry, and Miss Nora Hamilton. The rooms were very tastefully decorated with white chrysanthemums. Among the guests were several ex-pupils of the college, Miss Flossie Corrigan, Miss Nettie Morris, Miss Blanche Stone, and Miss Winnie St. John.

A charming "at home" was that given by Mrs. McKendry at her residence, Sherbourne St., Toronto, to introduce her daughter, Miss Madge, to her friends. The rooms were beautifully decorated, and Miss McKendry, a former pupil of the O. L. C., was very much admired by all. Miss Hamilton, Miss Gibson and Miss Moment and the Misses Ogden were untiring in their attentions to the guests in the tea room. A very enjoyable dance was given in the evening for the young ladies who so ably assisted in the tea room, and for a few of the guests.

Tuesday evening, November the twentieth, the Faculty and Students entertained a number of their friends at dinner. The dining hall was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and ferns. After dinner all adjourned to the drawing rooms, where they were charmed by several piano and vocal solos. The guests included, —Mrs. Norris and Miss Jakes, Toronto; Mrs. G. MacCormick and Mrs. McLaren, Ottawa; Dr. and Mrs.

Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Willcox, Miss McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Waugh, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Denyes, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes and Miss Deroche.

Friday evening is becoming quite a feature in our life here. Miss Burkholder is untiring in her endeavors to make this evening a pleasant one for the girls. One Friday the C.G.G. held a bazaar in the concert hall. Ice cream, hot chocolate, and cake helped the evening along wonderfully. The following Friday there was a social evening in the drawing room, one of the attractions of which was the performance on the violin by two of Miss Burkholder's little guests. A few well rendered musical selections were given, followed by charades. The members of the Guild made these very amusing, and exhibited no little cleverness in their different characters.

"To meet, to know, to love, to part,
Is the sad, sad fate of a school girl's
heart."

This was fully realized when four of our number went away during the past month. The Misses Beynon, Watkins, Bredin and Martin were popular girls, and their absence will be deeply felt. It is sad to part with the girls at the end of the year, when we are all buoyed up with the hope of being home; how much more so is it when we have no such joy to alleviate our sorrow!

The "Sigma Gamma Sigma" celebrated Hallowe'en by a drive to Oshawa. In the early part of the evening the weather was rather threatening, but later the moon came out, greatly to the joy of the S. G. S. With fine weather and so many merry girls, the evening proved a great success. In the meantime the girls in the college were not idle, as the absentees found upon their return. The Whitby boys did their part gallantly. The serenade to the girls was, to say the least of it, very unique, but not appreciated. It really

is not the most pleasant thing to be suddenly aroused from slumber by an explosion, and the firing of a cannon might certainly be considered such.

What a pleasant task is ours,—to record one of the events of the year in the "Adra Luton Concert." Miss Adra Luton was beautifully gowned in cream silk. She was not heard to advantage, as the hall was cold and may have affected the quality of her notes. Since the appearance of Irene Hitchcox Bartlett in our midst, it is no rare thing to see the girls peeping out of their windows in the cold, grey dawn, hoping to hear a repetition of these thrilling sounds that filled the Town Hall. Girls, the birds have all gone south. Our only hope is in the reappearance of this bird-élocutionist. Mr. Smith's selections were well chosen, and his voice possessed a great many pleasing qualities.

At five o'clock one morning last week the Misses Teskey, Wright and Swan started out on a shopping expedition to Toronto. They returned the same evening, footsore and weary, but laden with "bargains."

Miss Lyons entertained eighteen of her friends at a sumptuous "feast" in celebration of her sixteenth birthday. Many happy returns, Leah!

We will not for a long time forget the English church social held in the Town Hall. We knew from preceding years that it would be good, but it proved to be beyond our most sanguine expectations. The supper room looked very pretty and home-like with the daintily laid tables and soft shaded lights. It was a pleasure for the college girls to help in the programme that followed. Miss Daisy Seccombe's piano solo was well rendered. Miss Winnifred Moysey recited the "Race" from Black Rock excellently, and it is the common opinion that Miss Minnie Michaelis never sang better than on that evening. The balance of the programme

was given by town talent. We cannot praise too highly the various solos by the Misses Beath and Warren. The chorus given by the choir boys deserves special mention; it caused general merriment throughout the audience. We were very sorry to leave early, but have heard that the latter part of the programme was as interesting as the first.

The custom of preparing a hearty welcome for Miss Smart and Mr. Harrison is still kept up. The girls may be heard working diligently in the practise rooms, when Tuesday comes around, in fact Tuesday is their busy day.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 14th, Miss Copeland was "at home" to the members of the C.G.G. Nothing that could tend to make the evening enjoyable was overlooked by the thoughtful hostess. Tempting refreshments were daintily served, and all spent a pleasant evening.

With a spirited horse, and a natty rig, the Misses Waters and Moysey, chaperoned by Miss Mitchell, drove to Oshawa, where they visited the places of interest, including the confectionery store.

Several of our girls have been in Toronto lately. Among these are the Misses Bessie Sadler, Ethel Huntzoerger, Marion Edmison, and Leah Lyons.

Miss Ethel Pritchard met her sister in Toronto.

We regret that Miss Crooks was

called home on account of the death of her uncle.

Miss Winnifred Moysey spent a few days at home because of her mother's illness.

Our Y.W.C.A. girls who went to Toronto for the convention, enjoyed the meeting and spent a happy and profitable time during the few days of their visit.

SIGMA GAMMA SIGMA.

There was a stir among the girls at breakfast time one morning some time ago, and almost every face wore an expression of puzzled interest, as sixteen of the students appeared each wearing on her left arm a white band with blue letters. After many conjectures as to what the blue letters really meant, some even suggesting vaccination, we came to the conclusion that it was the new Greek Letter Society that had been created in our midst.

True, the band they wore was not a thing of beauty, but it served to show that sixteen from our number had formed a club in which to follow together, through their college life, some pursuits of pleasure, or work, and we doubt not, to have some fun along the eating line as well.

Not that they feel themselves isolated from their other fellow students. Far from it! They are just a band of school girls drawn together by that indefinable bond of friendship by which every college girl is unconsciously attracted to certain of her associates.

Locals.

Q. What would the nation be without women?

A. Stag nation.

Hattie A. Is it very cold over in your room?

A. Winter. Oh, not so very.

Hattie A. I should think it would

be with so much winter in it.

Ethel P. "Whoever goes over to that room and takes down the brackets will get a prize."

Jessie T. "What kind of a prize?"
Ethel P. "Oh, a surprise."

Julia. Doesn't my nose look like a

strawberry?

Evelyn S. No, it looks like a turnip.

Miss B. "Miss O'H— will give us a solo, and will some one please open the window?"

E. F. (looking at Gibson pictures) They say he has eighty others like that in his "weaker sex."

Ruby. Well, where does he get his ideas?

E. F. He'd be a good one to ask about Christmas presents.

Emily, while taking a bath after the lights are out, hears Miss B—r's gentle voice saying, "Who is there?"

Emily. "It is I."

Miss B—r. What are you doing?"

Emily. "I am taking a bath."

Miss B—r. "Don't let it occur again."

Emily. Suppressed giggle.

Evelyn B. If you eat chalk you will die.

Frank A. No, I won't; I used to take it for medicine.

Ada (brightly, trying to settle discussion) I am a living example. I ate chalk and died.

1st College Girl. "Well, girls, I can at last look the world in the face,—all my debts are paid."

2nd College Girl.—"How did you do it?"

1st College Girl. "Oh, I succeeded in borrowing the money."

The following is a rare epistle.—"My Darlin' Peggy,—

I met you last night and you never came. I'll meet you again tonight, whether you come or whether you stay away. If I'm there first sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin'-tree, Peggy; fur faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are whether you're there or whether you're not.

Your own Mike."

Stir gently, sweet Daisy,
Beneath thy short sheet,
Stir gently, I'll warm you,
You'll freeze you're poor feet;
Your room-mate is sleeping
In yon cosy cot,
Stir gently, sweet Daisy,
And waken her not.

The American Thanksgiving day was Thursday, November twenty-sixth, and our dashing Yankees did not forget it. They put forth that well known American ingenuity, and the result was a dinner, and such a dinner as it would be difficult to surpass. It was not a "Feast of reason and a flow of soul," but rather a festive board where delicacies abounded, and jest and laughter was the order of the evening. The happy partakers were Misses Minnie Michaelis, Josephine Cashen, Desiree Campazzi, Helen Campazzi, Julia Moment, Francis Aldrich, Annie Waters, Vera Stone, Clara McIndoo, Emma Case, Annetta Gunn, Ethel Huntzberger.

JARVIS-SMILY CONCERT.

The opening number of this concert rendered by Miss Helen Mitchell, was a fitting prelude to the brilliant numbers that followed. The fame of the "Jarvis-Smily Concert Company" preceded them, consequently the house was well filled. It is rarely our good fortune to be entertained by such talent and wit. Miss Dean's selections on the violin captivated her audience, and her finished technique won the admiration of all. Special mention should be made of the Scotch songs through which Mr. Jarvis reached the secrets of his hearers.

It is a pleasant break in our college life to entertain our relatives and friends, and the members of the faculty are exceptionally kind in helping us to make their visits enjoyable. The guests this month are as follows. — The Misses Coon and Master B. Coon, Mrs. McLean, Miss Jakes, Mrs. Lyons, Master Lyons, and Mrs. Norris, of Toronto; and Mr. Begg, of S.P.S., Toronto; Mrs. Stephens, of Lindsay, Mr. Mills of Nova

Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Baltimore, visited Miss Wright, and Rev. Mr. Silcox, who has been abroad for some months, was the guest of his daughter Grace.

Grace (discussing Toronto street car system). "Where does the belt line go?"

Luella. "The belt line usually leads to the "Union."

1st girl (amateur vocalist) "If you had my voice what would you do with it?"

2nd girl. "I don't know, dear, but I believe I would give it a holiday till the man came round, and then I would have it tuned."

Eva. Ruby, is next Friday visiting Saturday?

DICTIONARY GIRLS.

A disagreeable girl—Anni Mosity.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mell.
A big hearted girl—Jenny Rosity.
A smooth girl—Amelia Rate.
A clear case of a girl—E. Lucy Date.
A geometric girl—Polly Gon.
An unorthodox girl—Hettie Rodox.
A rich girl—Mary Gold.
A nice girl—Ella Gant.
A flower girl—Rhoda Denderon.

A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
A profound girl—Melta Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A great big girl—Ella Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.

Myrtle. "Really, girls, every time I come down street, I just feel like crying."

Desiree. "I don't wonder. I suppose it is because it is laid out so badly."

No, girls, you were mistaken. It was not vaccination that caused the bandages to appear on the arms of some of the girls—it was a rule of the Greek Letter Society.

Myrtle G. (singing around the room the morning after the dinner) "By yon bonnie banks—" a pause then—"By yon bonnie banks—" another pause; then again "By yon bonnie banks—"

Margaret E. "Which one, Myrtle, Dominion or Western?"

Exit Myrtle.

Exchanges.

As yet but few college journals have reached our exchange table, but to those that have we extend a most hearty welcome, and wish them all possible success and prosperity in the coming year. We are pleased to acknowledge.—Queen's University Journal, University of Ottawa Review, Vox Wesleyana, Acta Victoriana, McMaster University Review, Sunbeam, and The Herald of the Golden Age.

The Queen's University Journal is certainly to be commended on its first number. Its articles are of universal interest, and the whole issue does credit to the editorial staff. We are awaiting with interest next month's edition, which they inform

us will be a special one.
"To be thankful on Thanksgiving day
Is quite a noble plan;
But still you'll find it better to
Be thankful when you can."

—Ex.

Acta Victoriana is also good, and promises to hold its own again this year among the leading college magazines. Victoria is to be congratulated on her present editorial staff, and also upon the very artistic new cover under which the first issue of her journal has appeared.

"Your rouge," so he wrote,
"I return with this note,
To keep it might ticket me shady;
For naught should be found

In a gentleman's room
That could color the cheek of a lady."
—Ex.

"To a man of culture life consists not in the abundance of that which he has but in the abundance of that which he is. He seeks to share the ripest thoughts of the best thinkers, to possess the refinement, the breadth of outlook and of sympathy that comes from converse with the educated, the wisdom to know what is best, the spirit that welcomes light on every subject and from every source, and that appreciates the true, the beautiful, and the good."

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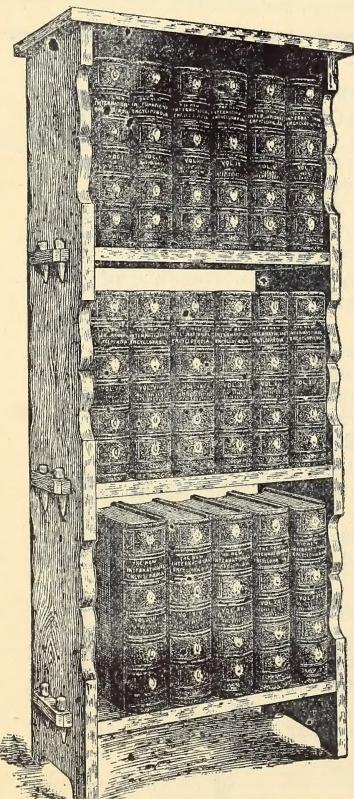


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